

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 2—VOL. XVIII.

NEW-YORK SATURDAY FEBRUARY 22, 1806

NO. 288

## JESSICA:

### OR, AN INN-KEEPER'S STORY.

(Concluded.)

One night last winter, it was cold and wet, I remember, the stage which passes through to —, stopped here: the coachman opened the door, and asked some person to get out; but hearing no answer, took a lantern, and, by its light, we saw a young woman, the only passenger, lying in the bottom of the coach. Dick lifted her out, and desired me to take care of her. Her fare is paid, said he, from London;—and she desired to be put out here. Poor creature! she was cold and insensible. As soon as she recovered, she caught hold of my hand:—Mr. Trueman, said she, have you forgotten me? As I live, Sir, it was Miss Jessica: but so altered! Is my father living? was the next question. He is, Miss, said I: but your poor mother!—I guess, said she, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes to heaven. Jessy! Jessy! this is thy work. Do you think, she asked, while tears ran down her pale cheeks, do you think my father will take me in? I have no home, no friends; his pity alone will save me from infamy! I assured her that the old man would receive her, and persuaded her to go to bed, for she seemed much in want of rest after her fainting fit; and in the morning I fetched old Somers to her. I cannot describe their meeting; it makes me cry like a child to this day. Well, Sir, she was afraid to enquire about Mortimer; and we heard nothing of him for many months after her return, in which time she seemed falling into a deep decline. She had never loved Sir Francis: but his fine promises had dazzled her imagination; and while he was kind to her, she felt a sort of attachment, which may be easily imagined: but he did not long continue his attentions; he grew weary of the same face; and, enraged by her tears and reproaches, turned her into the street. It was then she thought of her home, her parents, and her deserted, injured Mortimer. What an hour of affliction that must have been!

The landlord was here called away to attend some particular customers; leaving his guest lost in thought, and deeply interested in the fate of the unhappy Jessica. In about an hour, Trueman returned, and continued his narrative.

Mrs. Mortimer meanwhile suffered the greatest anxiety on her son's account: she had not heard from him for some months, and was too old and infirm to go to London to make inquiry. At last his name was returned among the wounded, and she expected every following post to have an account of his death. Jessy wept night and day, and the unhappy lady fretted herself to death. She was buried, Sir, but a week before Edward returned, promoted to the rank of a Lieutenant. So you see, Sir, what a sad and foolish thing it is to give way to despair, and not place trust in the merciful care of Providence, which brings all things about in due time, as our parson says. I shall never forget the day I was standing at the farmer's back door,

talking to Jessy, when we *seed* a gentleman crossing the stile at the bottom of the orchard, wrapped up in a soldier's great coat. Mercy on us, Miss! said I, who can this be? Some person who has lost his way on the common, I suppose, said Jessy, and has turned down our lane to ask a direction. As she was talking, the stranger came forwards; but when he came within a yard of us, made a sudden stop, and seemed terribly agitated. Jessica looked earnestly at him, then gave a dreadful scream, and fell with her face on the ground. Edward (for you may guess, Sir, it was the dear boy) sprang to assist her; but, poor fellow, he had but one arm left to support her. We helped her into the house. The farmer was almost mazed with joy to see his favorite again; and when Jessy recovered, he sat down to tell and to hear all old adventures. He had done his duty in the day of battle, and lost his arm in defending his colors; at least was so desperately wounded, that soon after his promotion, his poor limb was taken from him, and he was sent home on the half-pay list. When Jessica went to bed, the farmer told Edward all that had happened to his daughter; but when he spoke of her being turned out of doors by the base Sir Francis, Edward's eyes flashed fire. He started from his chair: I will avenge her, said he: the villain shall not go unpunished. My rank in the army enables me to meet him as a gentleman; though he deserves the treatment of a scoundrel. I have still an arm to assert the rights of injured innocence.—These were his very words, Sir; I remember them well. No arguments could prevail with him; and, weak and weary as he was, he set off the next day for London. Jessy was so much alarmed, that she fell into continued fits, and has been very ill ever since. He returned the day before yesterday, Heaven be praised! safe and well: but he refuses to answer any questions, so we are still ignorant of the upshot of the business."

"I can inform you, (said the gentleman, with a deep sigh.) The brave lad impetuously hastened in pursuit of Sir Francis: he was but two successful. Irritated by his language, my brother no longer refused his challenge, but repaired with him immediately to a retired spot, where they fought without seconds or witnesses. Sir Francis fell. Mortimer's rage changed to remorse; he shouted aloud for assistance; and, with the timely help of some laborers, had the unfortunate man conveyed home. The domestics would have detained Edward; but Sir Francis insisted upon his remaining unmolested, and he departed. I was sent for to town, and soon obtained from my brother the name of his antagonist; though I never could obtain all the particulars of this unhappy affair. The wound Sir Francis received proved mortal; and being ever an enemy to duelling, I resolved that the murderer should not escape me. The two men I have brought down with me, were for the purpose of securing him in case he should offer to resist; but I now feel the deepest concern that I have been so very precipitate, since your statement of the particulars, proves to me, that my brother was to blame; and I lament to say that the law must now take its course."

The kind-hearted inn-keeper now shook his head with looks of sadness. "Well, Sir, it's a hard case, sure enough, seeing as how you are the gentleman's own brother; though, begging your honor's pardon, I took you for a sort of attorney. However, if I might make bold to advise, Sir, it would be as well not to add insult to misfortune. Let these ill-looking men stay here: I will attend you to the farm, and my life for it, Edward will behave like a man." To this Sir William readily assented, and Trueman hastened to make himself ready. The farm was not distant. As they approached, they heard a loud rough voice exclaim, "For the love of God, man! take theesel out of the way, or theell be hanged as sure as eggs are eggs; for there be a turney and two baileys at the Bell." While Trueman recognised his ostler, Sir William was struck with the group which presented itself on his entrance. A youth of elegant form, and interesting features, supported on his arm a female apparently lifeless, whose countenance, though pale and inanimate, shewed the wreck of loveliness; while a venerable old man stretched his trembling arms round them, as if to protect them from insult. Before Sir William could speak, Jessica revived; and perceiving indistinctly the forms of strange men surrounding her, gave a shriek of terror, and clasping Edward to her bosom, exclaimed, "Touch him not. Oh spare him! in mercy spare him!" falling on her knees at Sir William's feet. He raised her with accents of tender consolation, and turning to Mortimer, announced himself, and regretted, in the most impressive terms, the necessity of being such an unwelcome visitor. "Mention it not, Sir," said Edward, while a flash of indignation reanimated his countenance. "The ties of consanguinity justify your conduct. I am prepared to attend you: for myself, I have little to fear. When your brother basely robbed me of this treasure, he took from me all that could give a charm to life;" pointing to Jessica, whose tears flowed upon the hand she grasped within her own. "I wish not to elude the vigilance of justice; for in a moment of acute misery, I listened to the seducing voice of revenge; and tho' my cause was just, my conscience accuses me. I have been a soldier, Sir; and, in the tumult of battle, may have indiscriminately laid many low; yet, in sacrificing a fellow creature for a private wrong, I feel to be little better than a murderer. My conscience condemns me, and I resign myself to the laws of my country. For the sake of these dear friends alone, would I wish to prolong a miserable existence." "Alas!" (replied the old man,) what need you sorrow for us, weighed down, as we are, by shame and calamity? My days will be few. My child, too, is sinking rapidly into an early grave." The wan, woe-worn countenance of Jessica confirmed this assertion. Overcome by her fears, and the emotion her mind underwent, she was obliged to be put to bed. Edward, with a sentiment of her fate, tore himself from her. The aged Somers could not abandon his unhappy daughter; but implored Sir William to protect her, who, with many who, with many, accompanied Sir William back to the inn, and from thence to London, where pre-

parations were making for his trial. Sir William, generously solicited in his behalf, employed the ablest counsel to plead for him, and cheered him with the most favorable hopes. "It is useless, Sir William, (he would say,) to pay any attention to my fate. Justice can but accelerate the hour of my release: my constitution, debilitated by the trying fatigues of my profession, affords no support against the oppressive anguish of my mind: I feel myself past all human aid; one decisive event is wanting to terminate all." His words were prophetic: intelligence of Jessy's death soon reached him, and from that hour he seemed lost to the world. One morning Sir William hastened to him, in the pleasing hope of restoring him once more to society, by informing him that the bill of indictment was thrown out; but found poor Mortimer too ill to derive any satisfaction from the communication. He pressed Sir William's hand with energy: "Generous friend (said he,) I owe this to your kind exertions; but it is now too late: the only service you can render me, is to see my remains interred with those of my poor lost girl, the hapless victim of libertinism. Let your bounty be extended to her good old parent during his short remnant of years, as the only expiation that can be made for the misery which one of your family has drawn on him. Assure me of your friendship and forgiveness; I shall then die in peace with the world." These were the last words of the brave unfortunate youth. His request was faithfully performed by Sir William; who, warned by this sad lesson, cautiously shunned the paths of licentiousness, and became a character truly great and good. He frequently visited the grave of the unfortunate pair, thus united in death; and while tears of pity bedewed the cold earth which covered, the moral reflections inspired by the recollection of their melancholy story, strengthened his resolutions to the practice of virtue and piety.

#### SELECT SENTENCE.

"What path of life would you wish to pursue?" said Posceidippus, morose and out of humour with his condition. "In public you are perplexed with business and contention: At home you are tired with cares: In the country you are fatigued with labour: At sea you are exposed to danger: In a foreign land, if rich, you are fearful; if poor, neglected. Have you a wife? expect sorrow. Unmarried? your life is irksome: Children will make you anxious: Childless, your life is lonely: Youth is foolish, and grey hairs feeble. Upon the whole, the wise man would chuse either not to have existed, or to have died the moment of his birth." "Chuse any path of life," replies the cheerful Metrodorus: "In the forum are profits, and wise debates: At home, relaxation: In the country, the bounty of nature: The sea-faring life is gainful: In a foreign land, if wealthy, you are respected: if poor, nobody knows it: Are you married? your house is cheerful: Unmarried, you live without care: Children afford delight: Childless, you have no sorrow: Youth is vigorous; and old age venerable. The wise man, therefore, would not chuse but to have existed."

#### ON GRAVITY.

SOME one writing against gravity, says the gravest beast is an ass; the gravest bird is an owl; the gravest fish is an oyster; and the gravest man is a fool.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ELEGY.—On LORD VISCOUNT NELSON,

Duke of Bronte.

FROM mourning Nature springs the bursting pang,  
Whilst, ruid in death, triumphal glories hang,  
Britannia mourns!—and ev'ry joy is lost  
In solemn sadness through the martial host.

Th' immortal Nelson, great Britannia's son,  
And mighty Sov'reign of the Sea—is gone!—  
He's gone!—nor could the naval Hero stay  
But clasp'd on all his sails, and—*ran away!*

Jehovah call'd!—midst Vict'ry, undismay'd,  
The God-like Hero cheerfully obey'd.  
Six score and five achievements mark'd the time  
Th' emblazon'd hero left this mortal clime.

The daz'ling glories, on his noble breast  
Refulgent shone; and on his mighty crest  
In awful pomp, sat Victory enthron'd,  
In grandeur terrible, and glory crown'd.

Midst direful shades the livid nitre glow'd,  
Whilst fraught with gore, the vital purple flow'd.  
Huge pond'rous metal, from the spacious bore,  
Explosion hurl'd with harsh tremendous roar—

Creation shock—the trembling poles sustain'd,  
On doubtful point, the tott'ring orb detain'd.  
The sun, as if aghast to view the scene,  
Let sable terrors thickly from between.

The fate of nations long suspended hung,  
Whilst horrid din of raging battle rung.  
Brave Nelson spake—they sprung amidst the prey,  
And sav'd a world from fell despotic sway.

Fierce ruin soon, the last tremendous blow,  
Had struck, and crushed the sad remaining foe:  
But sov'reign orders just had passed in Heav'n  
That greater glory should to him be given.

They hear'd enraptur'd!—down the herald flew  
With swift archangels, midst the martial crew—  
As quick as lightning, through the starry road  
The flaming squadron bore him up to God.

Great Nelson rest!—seclude from mortal view  
Adieu! thou great immortal chief adieu.

J. R. L.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ON SEEING THE INFANT OF MRS. C\*\*\*\*\*,

Asleep in the Cradle.

SLEEP on lovely babe, to sorrow a stranger,  
Thy parents' fond arms, shall shield thee from danger;  
Thy wants are but few, by their fondness supplied,  
Thy days in contentment and Innocence glide.

By thy guardian mother, with fondness caress'd,  
All anxious for thee lovely babe, is her breast;  
Encircled within her arms, pure source of joy,  
The shafts of adversity, ne'er can alloy.

NEW-YORK,  
Jan. 31 1806.

W. F. H.

The Retrospect of Life:

OR,

The ONE THING Valuable.

RICHES, chance may take or give;  
Beauty lives a day and dies;  
Honour lulls us while we live,  
Mirth's a cheat, and pleasure flies.  
Is there nothing worth our care?  
Time, and chance, and death, our foes;  
If our joys so fleeting are,  
Are we only ty'd to woes?  
Let Religion answer, No;  
Her eternal powers prevail,  
When honours, riches cease to flow,  
And beauty, mirth, and pleasure fail.

#### ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE G. WASHINGTON.

ONE Reuben Rouzy, of Virginia, owned the General about 1000*l*.—While President of the United States, one of his agents brought an action for the money; judgment was obtained, and execution issued against the body of the defendant who was taken to jail. He had a considerable landed estate, but this kind of property cannot be sold in Virginia for debts, unless at the discretion of the person.—He had a large family, and for the sake of his children, preferred lying in jail to selling his land. A friend hinted to him that probably Gen. Washington did not know any thing of the proceeding, and that it might be well to send him a petition, with a statement of the circumstances. He did so, and the very next post from Philadelphia, after the arrival of his petition in that city, brought him an order for his immediate release, together with a full discharge, and a severe reprimand to the agent for having acted in such a manner. Poor Rouzy was, in consequence, restored to his family, who never laid down their heads at night without presenting prayers to Heaven for their "beloved Washington." Providence smiled upon the labors of the grateful family, and in a few years, Rouzy enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of being able to pay the 1000*l*. with the interest, at the feet of this truly great man. Washington reminded him that the debt was discharged: Rouzy replied, the debt of his family to the father of their country and preserver of their parent, could never be discharged; and the General, to avoid the pleasing importunity of the grateful Virginian, who would not be denied, accepted the money—only however, to divide it among Rouzy's children, which he immediately did.

#### SYMPATHY.

IT is a pure stream that swells the tide of sympathy—it is an excellent heart that interests itself in the feelings of others—it is a heaven-like disposition that engages the affections, and exerts a sympathetic tear for the misfortunes of a friend. Mankind are ever subject to ills, infirmities and disappointments. Every breast at some particular period, experiences sorrow and distress. Pains and perplexities are the long lived plagues of human existence; but sympathy is the balm that heals these wounds. If a person, who has lost a precious friend, can find another who will feelingly participate in his misfortune, he is well nigh compensated for his loss. And delightful is the task, to a feeling mind of softening the painful pillow of the sick, amusing the thoughts of the unhappy, and alleviating the tortures of the afflicted.

#### A QUALIFICATION FOR A KINSMAN.

SIR Nicholas Bacon being once in his capacity of judge was on the point of passing sentence upon a fellow just found guilty of a robbery, the culprit greatly importuned him to save his life; and among other things alledged he had the honor of being one of his lordship's relations. "How do you prove that?" said Sir Nicholas, "My lord," replied the man, "your name is Bacon, and my name is Hog, and hog and bacon have in all ages been reckoned akin." "That is true," answered the judge, "but hog is never bacon till it has been *hanged*, and therefore, until you are *hanged*, you can be no relation of mine."



## LINES

Addressed to the Author of "Stanzas to my Grave."

MARY! why that gloom and sorrow?  
All the ills of life must brave;  
Hope points out a bright to-morrow,  
Far beyond the silent grave.

When to happier realms removed,  
What will Friendship's tears avail?  
The bitter grief of those beloved  
Never can thine ears assail.

Trust hereafter thou shalt meet 'em  
Where no grief will intervene,  
With a hazy welcome meet 'em  
In those realms of joy serene.

\*See Museum of January 11.

To the Printer of the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

### LETTER III.

No species of writing has probably, been so much censured as novels. In this letter I intend briefly to investigate the subject, and see how far this appears to have had its foundation in truth and how far it has been made, without regard to justice or to reason.

The opposers and admirers of these books, have either wholly condemned or wholly approved them without qualification, not considering among books of all descriptions, we find many that are deserving neither of praise or censure, others which cannot be read with safety, and some highly amusing and instructive. This I conceive to be the case with novels, so that to reprove or reject them wholly, as the bigotted opinions of their friends or enemies may dictate, discovers partiality or a want of candor. The rigid contemners of these books however, present us with a picture of their pernicious influence, in such strong and glowing colours, that if it were always a true one, we should justly reject them as one misshapen mass of corruption and vice—unfortunately for them they have examined only the dark side of the picture, and never once reflected that an inspection of the other, would have presented them one whose colours were bright and vivid.

If we are to believe these gentlemen, novels are a sort of a composition, intended only to seduce from virtue, to inflame the imagination and totally ruin us. That some are of this description I am willing to acknowledge, and perfectly agree that they ought to be rejected—those of the second class, which have influenced one way nor the other, I conceive it to be a waste to read. But our best and most approved, to all who have not read them, I would recommend their perusal.

MARCUS.

From my chamber, }  
Feb. 14, 1806. }

### TRANQUILITY.

TRANQUILITY is the wish of all: the good, while pursuing the track of virtue; the great, while following the star of glory; and the little, while creeping in the styes of dissipation, sigh for tranquility, and make it the great object which they ultimately hope to attain. How anxiously does the sailor, on the high and giddy mast, when rolling through tempestuous seas, cast his eyes over the foaming billows, and anticipate the calm security he hopes to enjoy when he reaches the wished-for shore! Even kings grow weary of their splendid slavery, and nobles sicken under increasing dignities. All, in short, feel less delight in the actual enjoyment of worldly pursuits, however great and honorable they may be, than in the idea of their being able to relinquish them, and retire to

"—some calm sequester'd spot;  
"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

## The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 22, 1806.

The city inspector reports the death of 27 persons during the week ending on Saturday last, of whom 8 were men, 8 women, 6 girls and 5 boys, viz. Of consumption 5 (a child aged 4 years, and 4 women, one of whom was 19, one of 26, one of 56, and one of 68 years) convulsions 3, debility 1, decay 3, dropsey 1 dropsey in the head 1, drowned 2, hives 1, intemperance 1, infanticide 1, (a new born infant found dead on the battery) inflammation of the bowels 1, melancholy 1, old age 3, rapture in the brain 1, teething 1, and 1 of worms.

Between one and two o'clock on Tuesday morning a fire broke out in a soap and candle manufactory, owned by William Maxwell, a few yards south of lower Robinson and east of Greenwich streets. Although the wind blew pretty strong from the S. W. it was got under by the great activity of firemen and others in about an hour and a half. Besides the building in which it originated, it destroyed another wooden building used by Gibson and Davis as a musical instrument manufactory. But it extended to four brick buildings, fronting north Robinson street, two of them being 3 stories high, the other two stories high: occupied severally by Messrs. Shippey, Wilson and Heyer; the other empty and unfinished.

Merc. Ad.

Same evening a carpenter's shop belonging to Mr. Dominick, on Rutgers ground, was discovered to be on fire; but was discovered in time to be put out before any damage was sustained. This fire is said to be the effect of design.

On Thursday a resolution passed the Assembly, when in committee of the whole on that part of the Governor's Speech, which relates to the case of Stephen Arnold, that a committee should be appointed to bring in a bill directing his execution. Mr. Riker, Mr. Shepherd, and Mr. Coe, were appointed accordingly.

Capt Trott, who arrived on Wednesday from Wilmington, N. C. informs, that while he lay at the Fort, he was told by a pilot, that on the night of the 11th inst. a most dreadful fire broke out in the town of Wilmington, which commenced in the Bakery of Mr. Gomarsh on the North side of the New Market, near the state house and extended to the water's edge, laying in ashes a whole square of the most valuable part of the town.

We learn from a gentleman from Wilmington, that there are about 300 houses in that town; and that, from his knowledge of the situation of the buildings in that part of the town where the fire raged, there could not have less than 60 burnt, as they were all built of the most combustible materials.

Merc. Ad.

On Saturday the powder mill in Middle-field, near Middle-Town, belonging to Mr. Curtis, was partly blown up, and himself with it; but was not mortally injured.

A journeyman Hatter from Philadelphia, a few days since drowned himself in the Delaware, Near Lambertson.

### WANTED.

An apprentice to the Printing Business—a youth between 14 & 16, that can be well recommended, will meet with good encouragement by applying at this office. 888. tf.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

Bless'd of the object they love,  
Their hearts will be wholly at ease—  
Whilst reason and Heaven approve,  
Their mutual endeavors to please.

### MARRIED.

At Red-Hook, Dutchess county, by the Rev. Jeremiah Romaine, Mr. John A. Davenport, merchant of this city, to Miss Eliza M. Wheeler, daughter of Doctor Wm. Wheeler of the former place.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Sneath, Mr. James Baker, to Mrs. Frances Wheeler, both of this city.

At New-haven, by the Rev. Dr. Hubbard, Mr. Stephen Miles, to Miss Mary Miles.

Same place, by the Rev. Dr. Dwight, Mr. Henry Trowbridge merchant, to Miss Harriet Hays, daughter of Mr. E. Hays.

Same place, Mr. Jacob Townsend, to Miss Eunice At-water.

### MORTALITY.

Few are the days that man can spend on earth,  
Those few are full of trouble and of pain;  
And from the moment that he dates his birth,  
From the first instant grief begins to reign.

### DIED.

On Wednesday morning, in the 31st year of her age, Mrs. Ellice Lewis, widow of the late Captain John Lewis.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. Doyle, wife of Mr. Dennis Doyle grocer.

On Wednesday night, Mrs. Dornin, wife of Mr. B. Dornin, bookseller.

On the 15th October, in Africa, Mr. John Watson, late supercargo of the schooner Doris, of Charleston, (S. C.) and a native of Carlisle, (Eng.) much regretted by a number of respectable acquaintances.

On Tuesday evening, John Johnston, Esq. of Geneva.

At Kingston, Ulster County, of a paralytic stroke, Abraham B. Bancker, Esq. formerly clerk of the House of Assembly of this State, in the 51st year of his age.

At Longueuil, Canada, the Rev. Mr. Denaud, bishop of the Canadian church.

Just published, and for sale at this Office, No. 3

Peck-Slip,

The New and Interesting Novel of the  
English Nun; or

The Sorrows of Edward & Louisa.

Also,

Fleetwood; or

The New Man of Feeling—by Godwin.

AND A GREAT VARIETY OF

Children's Books, and School Books of all kinds:

Writing paper, Quills, Wafers, &c. &c.

Pocket Almanacs, for 1806.

### REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

MICHAEL M'GREANE,

No. 9 Broad Street.

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he continues to receive commands in that line, from Employers and Servants, which he attends to with the greatest care and punctuality.

A few servants on the books well recommended. Those persons who wish to apply for places as above, is requested to produce satisfactory references.  
Jan. 4, 1806. 881—tf.

### TO LET,

A LARGE DRY CELLAR.

Enquire at this Office No. 3 Peck-Slip.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### ST. LEONARD'S WOOD.

"Come on, thou coward—slave, come on;  
Let good or ill betide,  
I swear by th' Mass of Holy John,  
Thro' Leonard's Wood I'll ride."

"Stop, stop, Sir Knight! dear master, stay,  
Nor rashly tempt your fate;  
O chuse some longer, safer way,  
To reach your castle gate."

"Avoid St. Leonard's fatal Wood,  
If e'er you hope to see  
Your lady dear, or children good,  
Come prattling round your knee."

"Beshrew me, but thou talkest well,  
And much thou seem'st to know;  
Yet, should to-morrow ring my knell,  
Thro' Leonard's Wood I'll go."

"Do thou return, if thou dost fear  
The forest wild to pass;  
Thy way is plain; the moon shines clear  
Across the dewy grass."

"No brave Sir Knight, since you're resolv'd  
Thro' Leonard's Wood to ride,  
My fate with yours shall be involv'd,  
For I'll not quit your side."

Then on they spur'd their coal-black steeds,  
Like lightning swift they flew,  
And soon beyond the lonely meads  
The Wood arose to view.

Now to the place as they drew near,  
The moon was sinking fast;  
The night grew chill, the prospect drear,  
And hollow sigh'd the blast.

And as they enter'd Leonard's Wood,  
A piercing scream was heard;  
The rugged path seem'd smear'd with blood,  
And fitting forms appear'd.

But still the Knight disdain'd to turn,  
Tho' Hubert urg'd him sore;  
For now the forest seem'd to burn,  
And loud the blast did roar.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### ON SHAME.

NATURE stamps shame in ev'ry heart,  
Which serves instead of grace;  
And if you drive it from that part,  
It flies into the face.

### ANECDOTE.

A young man, who attended considerably to arithmetic, and formed pretty towering ideas of his skill in that science, addressed himself to an African in the following manner:—"Boston, I can take a pen and ink, and in three minutes can cypher out and tell you how many minutes you have to live." "Canna you, massa, you must be a very good cypher indeed, I aske you a question. Which can see best, a mare stone blind, or a horse without any eyes?" "Pho, that's no question at all." "I aske you another—'pose he be ten rods to Nicholas's, how far you call him way out yonder?" "That I can't tell you neither," replied he. "Well, I aske you one mor, 'pose fifty rail make one load, how many he take to make a dam'd great pile?" So many unanswerable questions quite confounded our young conceited arithmetician. He began to think he did not know every thing, and retreated from the lists of his African antagonist, with shame and confusion.

### MR. TURNER

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15 Park, to No. 71 Nassau-street—where he practises PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits Artificial Teeth, upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of Cleaning the Teeth is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth ach, his Tincture has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting carious Teeth upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady or Gentleman at their respective houses, or may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from Chemical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with decay and tooth ach prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's Book-Store, No. 64 Maiden-Lane. July 13, 1805. 861 tf.

### WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

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